

The Hong Kong Daily Press.

No. 8687

號七十八百六十八第

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HONG KONG, MONDAY, OCTOBER 26TH, 1885.

號六十二月十英華香

PRICE \$2 1/2 PER MONTH

SHIPPING.

ARRIVALS.

October 24, KUTANG, British steamer, 1,435, Young, Whampoa, 24th October, General.

CHRISTMAS

INTIMATIONS.

NEW YEAR CARDS.

LANE, CRAWFORD, & CO.'s New Stock greatly impresses that of any previous year. This Season's parcel includes some of the most artistic production of England and America, and for beauty and delicacy of finish, cannot be equalled.

SPECIALITY.

A small Assortment of the above, in very choice and unique designs, specially painted to order of LANE, CRAWFORD & CO.

Each Card will be enclosed in a suitable Envelope, to protect it from damage or transit through the Post. The above are now on view. An inspection is invited.

LANE, CRAWFORD & CO.

ELLY AND WALSH, LIMITED. 1885. 1885. 1885. 1885.

Proctor's How to play Whist. Reed's Engineer's Guide, 11th Edition, greatly enlarged.

DRAFTS on London, and the chief commercial places in Europe, India, Australia, America, China and Japan.

T. JACKSON, Chief Manager, Hongkong, 24th August, 1885.

NOTICE.

BANKS.

HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

PAID-UP CAPITAL \$7,500,000.
RESERVE FUND 4,500,000.
RESERVE FOR EQUALIZATION OF DIVIDENDS 500,000.
RESERVE LIABILITY OF PRO- FIGHTERS 7,500,000.

COUNT OF DIRECTORS.—
Chairman—Hon. F. D. SARSON.
Deputy Chairman—A. MOYER, Esq.
H. L. DALYMPLE, Esq.
H. H. HOPKIN, Esq.
C. D. KOTONKE, Esq.
Hon. W. Kenrick, Esq.

CHIEF MANAGER—THOMAS JACKSON, Esq.
MANAGER—EVAN CAMERON, Esq.
LONDON BANKERS—LONDON & COUNTY BANK.

HONGKONG—INTEREST ALLOWED. On Current Deposit Account at the rate of 2 per cent. per Annun. on the daily balance.

ON Fixed Deposits—
For 3 months 3 per cent. per Annun.

For 6 months 4 per cent. per Annun.

For 12 months 5 per cent. per Annun.

London Bank Depository.

Cashiers' general on approved Statements, and every description of Banking and Exchange business transacted.

By Order of the Court of Directors.

ALEX. ROSS,

Shanghai, 9th October, 1885. [1885]

HONGKONG JOCKEY CLUB.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE MEMBERS of the above Club will be held at the CITY HALL, at 4:30 P.M. on WEDNESDAY, the 28th instant.

By Order, J. GRANT,

for Clerk of the Course.

Hongkong, 14th October, 1885. [1885]

NOTICE.

RULES OF THE HONGKONG SAVINGS BANK.

1.—The business of the above Bank will be conducted by the Hongkong and Shanghai Banks, in accordance with their practices in Hongkong. Business hours on week-days, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 1.

2.—Sum less than \$1, or more than \$350 at one time, may not be received. No depositor may deposit more than \$2,500 in any one year.

3.—Depositors in the Savings Bank having \$10 or more at their credit may at their option transfer the same to the Hongkong and Shanghai Banks, for the payment of their Pass-Books.

4.—Interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum will be allowed to Depositors on their daily balances.

5.—Each Depositor will be supplied gratis with a Pass-Book, which must be presented with each payment or withdrawal. Depositors must make out their Pass-Books in the name of the Bank, and send them to be written up at least twice a year, about the beginning of January and beginning of July.

6.—Correspondence as to the business of the Bank is forwarded free by the various British Post Offices in Hongkong and China.

7.—Withdrawals may be made on demand, by the present signature of the Depositor, his duly appointed Agent, and the production of his Pass-Book are necessary.

For the HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

T. JACKSON, Chief Manager.

Hongkong, 8th May, 1885. [1885]

THE NEW ORIENTAL BANK CORPORATION, LIMITED.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL \$2,000,000.
PAID UP \$2,500,000.

Registered Office, 49, THEADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON.

BRANCHES IN INDIA, CHINA, JAPAN AND THE COLONIES.

THE BANK receives money on Deposit, Buys and Sells Bills of Exchange, issues Letters of Credit, forwards Bills for Collection, and Transacts Banking and Agency Business generally on terms to be had on application.

ADJUSTMENT OF BONUS FOR THE YEAR 1884.

SHAREHOLDERS are hereby requested to send in to this Office a List of their Contributions of Premium for the year ending 31st December last, in order that the proportion of PROFIT for that year to be paid as Bonus to Contributors may be arranged. Returns sent in before the 30th November next will be made up to the Company, and subsequent claims of alterations will be allowed.

By Order of the Directors.

JAS. B. COUGHTRE, Secretary.

Hongkong, 1st October, 1885. [1783]

HONGKONG FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

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EXT'G ACT.

QUEER STORY.

A SUNDOWN SURPRISE.

When Mortimer Wilding suddenly announced that he was about to marry the lovely and accomplished Miss Helen Dare, his friends with one consent agreed that he has gone mad, and that he would bitterly regret his plunge after a very short experience of the joys of wedded life. It was not that there was anything peculiarly hostile to matrimonial felicity in Miss Dare's character; she was somewhat of a flirt, and had been much run after, but no one had ever suspected her of anything worse. Mortimer, too, was in a man a very good fellow, and at first sight might appear likely to make a model husband. And such, no doubt, he would have become, had it not been for the one fatal quality which marred his whole existence, and threatened to turn him from an easy-going, careless man-about-town into a nairy and suspicious misanthrope. Mortimer's boasting sin was jealousy, the most unreasonable and abnormal kind; and from the day when he became the husband of an unusually pretty woman his life was almost a burden to him. The unfortunate man could not help himself, and it was in vain to argue with him. In his lucid intervals he was perfectly ready to recognise the fact that he had made a fool of himself, but the discovery never seemed to do him any good, and on the very next occasion when Mrs. Wilding accepted the smallest attention from any of her friends, her husband endured the utmost torture. She herself did not quite realise the agonies he suffered, for, to do the poor man justice, he generally stifled his feelings, and very rarely went so far as to hint to his wife that her conduct might with advantage be a trifle more discreet. So when he remonstrated, she merely opened her expressive eyes somewhat wider than usual, promised earnestly to behave better in future, and on the next opportunity repented her offence. Thus Wilding gradually grew worse, gloomier, and suspicious, and his bachelor friends, who knew perfectly well the cause of his altered manner, shook their heads, and pointed him out to the rising generation as a melancholy example of the folly of marriage, and as a triumphal vindication of their own astuteness in keeping single.

Some of them went so far as to take a malicious delight in paying attention to Mrs. Wilding for the purpose of witnessing her husband's agonies. They would induce him, in moments of after-dinner weakness, to accept invitations for himself and his partner to the theatre or to Hurlingham, where a causal whisper in the corridor, or a harmless stroll under the trees, would promptly raise the demon they desired to invoke, and Mortimer would vow that never again would he give way to such insidious advances, only to yield once more when the morning's reflection had convinced him that his fears were groundless.

One of Wilding's most intimate friends, and the man, perhaps, of whom he was the least jealous, was a certain Captain in the Guards of the name of Spanker. They had been intimate both at school and college, and before Wilding's marriage, were sworn and trusty allies. Ever since that inauspicious event they continued to be exceedingly friendly, and as Spanker generally had the sense to refrain from running after Mrs. Wilding, intervals of coolness were comparatively rare. One day the Captain announced to his friend the astonishing news that he, too, was on the point of committing matrimony.

"The deus you are!" ejaculated Wilding. "Why, I thought you were quite the very last man in the world. Don't you remember the way you preached to me?"

"Well, yes, I did," admitted Spanker; "but circumstances alter cases, you know."

"And what are the circumstances?"

"The fact is, old man, that I've been so informally hard hit lately, that unless I marry a girl with money I shall have to leave the regiment, and try change of air until such time as it pleases my respected uncle to depart this life."

"You don't mean that! And who is the fortunate young woman?"

"Well, I've done, myself, very fairly, indeed," said the Captain, complacently. "She is young, as you surmise, nice-looking, and worth nearly three thousand a year. In fact, if I were capable of the passion, I should be quite in love with her."

"I believe you are, as it is; but of course you will not confess."

"Never mind about that. I'll introduce you to her, and you can judge for yourself."

"And, at a half a few nights later, Mortimer was duly presented to the Captain's intended, one Miss Laura Delisle. He found her an exceedingly agreeable companion, pretty, well-informed, and talkative; and he, moreover, speedily discovered the fact that, whatever was the precise state of the Captain's feelings, there was no doubt at all that the young lady was very much in love with him.

Balls were usually periods of torture to Mr. Wilding, and the present entertainment was no exception to the rule. The poor man could not bear to see his wife's slender waist encircled by promiscuous and sacrilegious arms, and her occasional disappearance to the seduction of connoisseurs and dimly-lighted corridors filled him with a dismay which he was totally unable to conceal. Hence it was that, except when the partner of his joys was actually in the dancing-room, under his own immediate supervision, Wilding was not a particularly entertaining companion. His eyes and his attention would persist in wandering, and young ladies too often voted him a bit of a bore. On this particular evening it is happened that he danced two or three times with Miss Delisle, anxious to make himself as agreeable to his friend's future wife, and the young lady was sharp enough to discover before long the true reason of his occasional fits of abstraction and gloom.

"Do you know, Mr. Wilding," she at length remarked, "that I am an excellent judge of character?"

"Really?" he answered, somewhat absently, for dances had just concluded, and Mrs. Wilding was temporarily invisible. "You are a very fortunate person."

"I am, indeed. Would you like to test my powers of intuition?"

"By all means!"

"I can tell, for instance," she continued, "what your besetting weakness is: Do you care to know?"

"Certainly," said Wilding somewhat uneasily.

"Well, you are most outrageously jealous!"

"What on earth makes you think so?" he added, fearing he was in the presence of a thought-reader.

"That is my secret. But now that I have told you your favourite sin——"

"But I don't admit that you have."

"Oh, nonsense! I am perfectly certain about it. And I don't mind acknowledging that one reason why I guessed it is that I am horribly jealous myself. I am quite sorry for poor Arthur."

"I certainly don't agree with you there," said Wilding, gallantly. "I think he is about the holiest man I know."

So Wilding and Miss Delisle parted the best of friends, and he subsequently confided to his wife that Captain Spanker was engaged to the most charming girl he had met for years.

A few weeks later Captain Spanker was dining with the Wilkins, when the conversation happened to turn upon Sandom.

"I never see you on the lawn," remarked the Captain to Mrs. Wilding.

"No, Mortimer does not belong," she answered, "and of course, I am not allowed to go with any old chaps."

Mortimer looked up, and discovered that

"But why don't you come down too, old man?" he inquired of his friend.

"Well, I don't much care about racing, and I'm one is out of it if one is not a gambler. I've never been there, but that's so I believe."

Across the Captain's ingenious brain there forthwith flashed the idea of playing off on his friend, a mild little practical joke.

"Well, you're not supposed to go into the members' enclosure, but I daresay I can manage it for you," he answered merrily.

"Anyhow, you know, there's Tattersall's and the paddock, which are pretty much the same thing. Come down next week; Laura will be there, and your wife is sure to like it."

"I shall be delighted," said Mrs. Wilding, and, after a little more argument, a reluctant consent to the expedition was wrung from her lord and master.

A day or two later Wilding happened to be perusing the latest war news in his club when he overheard the following fragmentary conversation:

"Never saw a man so mad in my life!" There was a low murmur, fitting away with Mrs. Dash—pretty lively lot, these young women—and poor old D. simply grinning with fury on the other side of the railings!

"Stupid old ass! Didn't he know they wouldn't let him in?"

"Suppose Cleverton gammoned him somehow. He and Lonesome were the colours of the costume worn by his faithless spouse."

"I don't know, but as Dash hasn't allowed Lonesome to speak to his wife for six months, I should think they made the best of their time. People are talking of an elopement."

"But I fear I am forgetting my duties," said Miss Delisle. "Won't you have some lunch?"

"Oh, thanks very much!" And with an heroic resolve to drown his sorrows, Wilding drank at least a bottle of champagne, and ate a great deal of Porgy pie, viciously stabbing the latent trifles with his fork, as though each one represented the heart of the perfidious Spanker. Presently he resumed his seat upon the bar, and, emboldened by lunch, contrived to heckle a dinner, and began to feel somewhat less desperate, though more savage, if anything, than before. Spanker had obviously played his scurvy trick, and his thoughts turned upon vengeance.

The speakers moved away, in the Busso-Afghan crisis. Could it be that Spanker and Mrs. Wilding had devised some terrible plot to make his blood run cold. Sander, of course, was not likely to be such a fool as to endanger his prospects with Miss Delisle, and he had never shown any pronounced disposition to mix with the Spanker but, that the tormenting thought suggested itself.

"Not in the least," replied Miss Delisle; "I would much rather stay here."

And as Mortimer looked at her, he noticed a set expression about the mouth and a dangerous light in her eyes which caused him to reflect that the gallant Captain might, perhaps, have more reasons than one to regret his day's amusements. The afternoon wore on, and Wilding only once quitted the drag to take a stroll round the paddock. On that occasion, as luck would have it, he met the triumphant fall in the face. Spanker was, of course, delighted.

"My dear boy!" he cried, "where on earth have you been? We've been looking for you everywhere. Your wife began to think that you had gone home."

"I'm very comfortable, thanks!"

"So sorry I am that you're not here. Sky-light. By the way, have you had any luck?"

"Oh, yes, thanks, plenty. But you can do me a turn," he continued. "I've met a lady here who is rather anxious to get into the members' enclosure. Do you think you could manage it?"

"I'm monstrously sorry, old chap," protested Spanker, thinking that two more better company than three, "but I'm afraid it's hopeless. I gave my ticket away yesterday, and I don't think there's another to be got."

"Oh, never mind then! It's not of the last consequence. Ta-ta! Suppose we shall meet again later."

And Wilding returned to the drag, filled with a certain grim joy, while Spanker betook himself to the enclosure, wondering somewhat that his friend was not in a worse temper.

When the racing was over the Captain and Mrs. Wilding at once repaired to the gate, where they expected to meet Mortimer, and there he was, gloomy but composed.

"Ah, Spanker! Miss Delisle wants to speak to you a minute," he said, in a curiously significant fashion. "You will find her father's drag over there—dark blue and red—but you know it, of course. I'll look after Helen now," he continued.

"Miss who did you say?" cried the Captain, looking somewhat queer.

"Didn't you know she was here?" asked Mortimer, innocently. "Why, she's been watching you all the time, and was so sorry that you hadn't got a ticket left for her."

The Captain muttered something which sounded suspiciously like an oath.

"It's a very good joke, this," he faltered.

"Glad you think so," retorted Wilding. "Hope Miss Delisle will see it in the same light. —Truly!"

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